

WANDERINGS
OF A
PILGRIM



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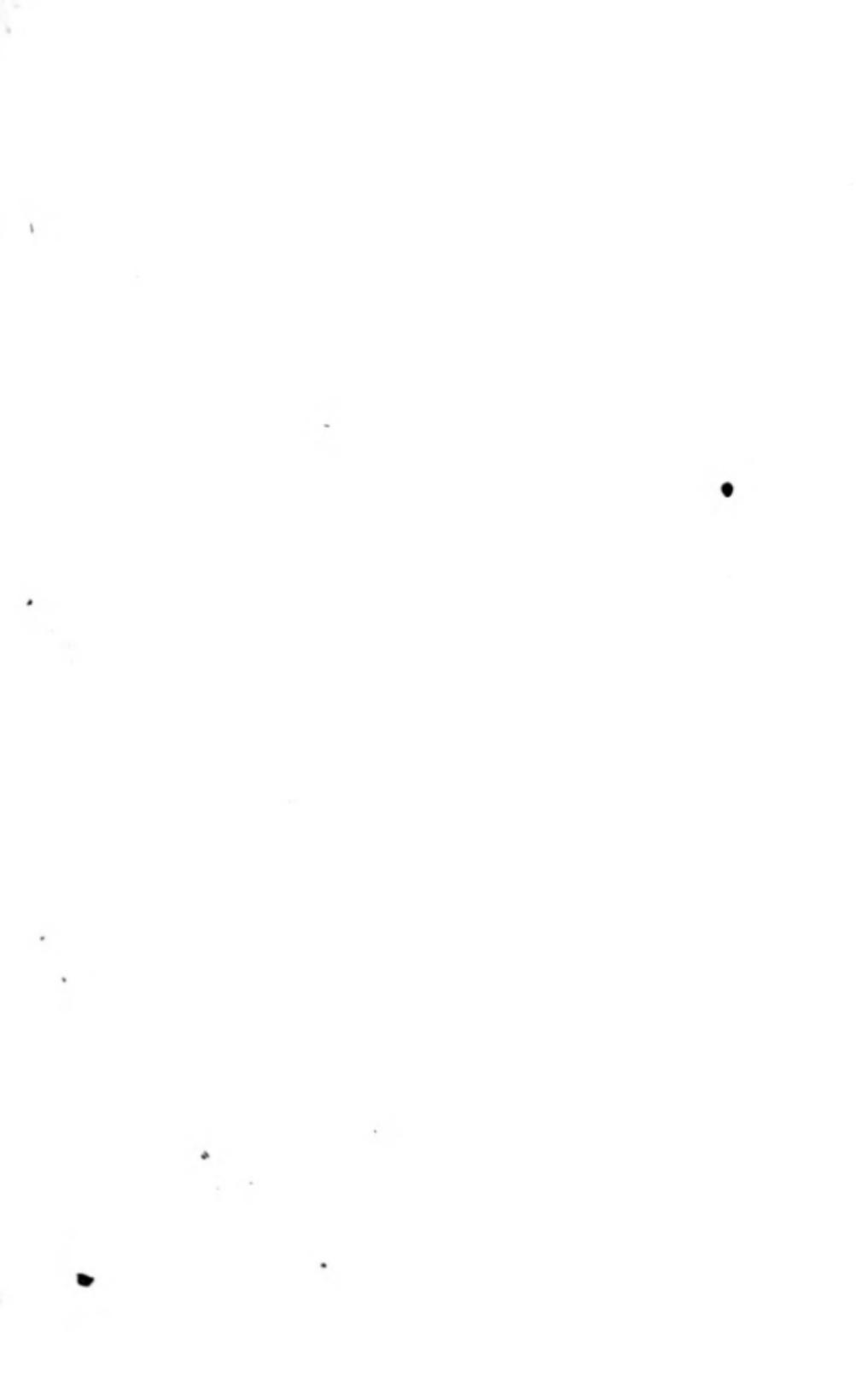
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Wanderings of a pilgrim

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WANDERINGS
OF
A PILGRIM.

BY D. A. HARSHIA,

AUTHOR OF "IMMANUEL'S LAND," ETC., ETC.

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CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

	PAGE
This world a wilderness, and the Christian a pilgrim,.....	11

CHAPTER II.

Commencement of the Christian's journey— Difficulties in the way,.....	29
---	----

CHAPTER III.

Encouragements—Provision by the way,.....	44
---	----

CHAPTER IV.

The Christian pilgrim in the valley of Baca,....	58
--	----

CHAPTER V.

The Christian on Pisgah's mount	68
(iii)	

C H A P T E R VI.

The posture of the Christian pilgrim in coming up from the wilderness of this world,.....	77
---	----

C H A P T E R VII.

Passage over the Jordan of Death,.....	95
--	----

P R E F A C E.

THE design of this manual is to contemplate the Christian pilgrim's journey through the wilderness of this world to that better land, even the Heavenly Canaan—to point out briefly the way by which the Captain of our salvation leads his followers to glory.

It has been the grand object of the author to make the reader feel that he is a stranger and a pilgrim on earth; to make him realize the solemn truth, that man is like to vanity; that his days are as a shad-

ow which passeth away; that mutability and dissolution are the characteristics of all sublunary objects; that

“All, all on earth, is shadow; all beyond
Is substance.”

When we look at the brevity and vanity of human life, we may well exclaim in the beautiful and touching reflection of Edmund Burke, “*What shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue!*”—and in the similar impressive language of Patrick Henry, “*I am but a poor worm of the dust, as fleeting and unsubstantial as the shadow of the cloud that flies over the fields, and is remembered no more!*”* Or we may rather open the

* This little treatise was composed during the preparation of a large work entitled “The most

pages of Holy Writ, and say with the wisest of men, “Vanity of vanities; all is vanity;” and with other inspired penmen, “As for man, his days are as grass; as a flower of the field so he flourisheth: for the wind passeth over it, and it is gone, and the place thereof shall know it no more.” “For what is your life? It is even a vapour, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away.”

Amid the excitement and bustle of a busy world, it is to be feared that the Christian too often forgets his true char-

Eminent Orators and Statesmen of the World;” and in writing the memoirs of Burke and Henry, the author was so deeply impressed with the touching thoughts which occur in their lives, that he cannot help repeating them here.

acter as a pilgrim, journeying to mansions of glory in the skies. Too apt is he to place his affections upon those terrestrial objects by which he is surrounded in his pilgrimage. How often is this the case with the young Christian, over whom the world, with its delusive pleasures, exercises such a fascinating power !

The author would earnestly and affectionately entreat the young reader to pause with this solemn reflection, *I am but a traveller here.* Remember that you are passing rapidly through a scene of shadows and death to a state of eternal realities. O, then, we beseech you to live, as God's dear children, above the world, with your eye directed to that blessed home in your Heavenly Father's house, where the wicked

cease from troubling, and where the weary are at rest.

Should the few plain words written here be the means of inducing any to pass the time of their sojourning here in the fear of God—of persuading them to live and walk by faith in Christ—to rely, entirely, on his atoning blood for salvation—the author will desire no other reward than the happiness of knowing that he has been an humble instrument, in the hand of God, for doing good.

This little volume is now cast as a mite into the great treasury of biblical literature; and in commending it to the blessing of Heaven, the author would adopt the beautiful lines of Southey, and say:

“ Go, little book—from this my solitude
I cast thee on the waters ; go thy way—
And if as I believe thy vein be good,
The world will find thee after many days.
Be it with thee according to thy worth ;
Go, little book—in faith I send thee forth.”

D. A. H.

*South Argyle, N. Y., }
July 4, 1854. }*

WANDERINGS OF A PILGRIM.

CHAPTER I.

THIS WORLD A WILDERNESS; AND THE CHRISTIAN
A PILGRIM.

“ For we are strangers before thee, and sojourners, as were all our fathers: our days on the earth are as a shadow, and there is none abiding.”—1 CHRON. xxix. 15.

BEYOND this darksome vale of tears and death there lies a bright and joyous region of immortality, where weary pilgrims meet to stray no more. In that happy land their wanderings will have for ever terminated, and they shall sit down in everlasting repose under the delightful shadow of the tree of life, in the midst of the Paradise of God, and enjoy, through the blissful ages of glory, the presence and smiles of that Friend and Saviour who, in the tenderest

love for them, once poured out his own most precious blood on Calvary, that he might present them faultless before the throne of Heaven. O, how transcendently glorious must be the future, eternal home of the Christian pilgrim! On those golden plains beyond the river of death, rays of divine glory are beaming in full effulgence. There, the Sun of Righteousness is shining in all his meridian splendour, making eternity one constant noontide of untold and indescribable glory and blessedness—a day without clouds. There, our Immanuel shall be as the “light of the morning when the sun riseth, even a morning without clouds.” Eternal day will dawn without a cloud. No gloom or darkness will ever overspread those blissful realms beyond the shores of time. The celestial world will always be irradiated by the glory of God and the Lamb, and the redeemed shall ever bask

in the gladsome sunshine of infinite love. In that bright home of pilgrims, the Saviour will conduct his ransomed ones to living fountains of waters,—streams of immortal joys, and God shall wipe away all tears. In the presence of Jesus there is fulness of joy ; at his right hand there are pleasures for evermore. Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor has the human heart ever conceived those things which God has prepared for them that love him. An exceeding and eternal weight of glory will crown every pilgrim who has found the happy shores of Immanuel's land. In the palace of the King of kings, all will be perfectly blessed, and from that “building of God, that house not made with hands,” there shall be no more going out ; but we shall ever be with the Lord, beholding his glory and enjoying the soul-ravishing manifestations of his endearing love. O, happy

abode of Zion's pilgrims ! O, sweet and pleasant clime, where the balmy zephyrs of Heaven refresh the weary soul ; where there floweth not a tear ; where there entereth not a pain ; where death itself shall be swallowed up in victory ! This is the heritage of them that fear the Lord.

But before our feet stand on the blissful shores of the heavenly Canaan, we have to pass through a wilderness scene. This world is that wilderness, where Zion's pilgrims wander till they are taken home to glory. It is a thorny pathway that leads to the realms of eternal day ; but, by the grace of God, the Christian is enabled to hold on the good way with joy, till he passes through the wilderness, and over Jordan, more than a conqueror through Jesus, and takes up his seraphic song of triumph amid the undying splendours of immortality.

In this little volume it is our design, as has been stated, to contemplate the Christian in his pilgrimage to the promised land—the happy home of all the true followers of Jesus.

In this chapter there are two prominent ideas which recur in our mind, and which deserve our serious consideration.

1st. This world is a wilderness.

2d. The Christian is a pilgrim here.

1. *To every child of God this world, with all its conceived pleasures, is nothing but a wilderness,—far from his Father's house; far from that goodly land which he so ardently longs to see and to possess.* This is the view which every saint takes of earth; and it is a just one. What the wilderness was to the children of Israel in their journey to the promised land, this decaying scene is to the believer in his progress heavenward. It is not his rest;

it is not his home. On the contrary, it is a wilderness world of trouble, from which he is coming up to the mansions above. The dark, rugged pathway lies through imminent dangers and difficulties which sometimes rise like mountains before the Christian pilgrim, and threaten to retard his march to the land of immortality. But it is a blessed consolation to know that Jesus guards the way to Mount Zion ; that he will suffer no evil to befall us ; that even here, in this vale of tears, all things shall work together for our good.

The sorrows and bereavements of life render this earth a trying wilderness world to the child of God. Here, the winds of adversity and floods of sorrow sweep along our path, making us long to reach the blissful hill of Zion, where “no chilling blasts annoy,”—where all is blooming with immortal love and peace. Here, we are al-

most constantly distressed with difficulties, cares, pains, and griefs, which render this a weary land—"a land of deserts and of pits, a land of drought, and of the shadow of death."

It is sin* that makes this world a wilderness to the saint. On account of the sin in his heart, he often faints, and is ready to die; he feels that this is indeed a valley of weeping, and longs to arrive at the borders of the wilderness that he may cross into Canaan.

Besides all this, he has to encounter, in his journey, violent opposition from an ungodly, persecuting world. This makes him cry out, with the Psalmist, "Wo is

* For an interesting, comprehensive and practical view of the subject of sin—its consequences, and remission, the reader is referred to a small volume entitled, "The Nature, Effects, and Pardon of Sin," by the Rev. J. W. Harsha, Professor in Westminster College, Pa.

me, that I sojourn in Meshech, that I dwell in the tents of Kedar ! My soul hath long dwelt with him that hateth peace.” In the world, there are fightings without, and fears within: How unlike this dark abode of sin and misery are those radiant mansions far beyond the starry sky. There the wicked cease from troubling; and there the weary are at rest.

2. *The Christian is a pilgrim here.*—He has only a temporary residence in this vale of tears; his abiding home is in that world “where momentary ages are no more.” Now he is on his journey to those tearless, blissful regions where he is to spend the ceaseless, revolving ages of eternity.

When the children of Israel were in the wilderness, they had no permanent residence, but were continually roving about from place to place; journeying to that

goodly land which flowed with milk and honey, and which was then the glory of all lands; “a land of brooks of water, of fountains and depths that spring out of valleys and hills; a land of wheat, and barley, and vines, and fig trees, and pomegranates; a land of oil-olive and honey.” So the believer is a pilgrim on earth, with no continuing city, nor certain place of abode, travelling through a dreary wilderness to that city which shines in the highest noon of glory; to that land of blessedness and immortality, where perennial streams of bliss issue from the eternal fountain of life to refresh the weary soul, and where we may freely eat of the fruit of the tree of life, in the midst of the Paradise of God.

How impressive is the language of Moses to Hobab, in the wilderness: “We are journeying unto the place of which the

Lord said, I will give it you.” The hosts of Israel, instead of making their abode in the waste, howling wilderness, were marching forward to obtain possession of that land which the Lord “sware unto their fathers, Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, to give unto them and to their seed after them.” Like those ancient pilgrims, we have a promised land in view, and Onward ! is our motto. Instead of seeking our home and our happiness in a perishing world, we are pressing on to that glorious kingdom which Jesus, in his boundless love, has gone to prepare for our reception, and which he has promised to bestow on all them that love him ; for he says : “I appoint unto you a kingdom, as my Father hath appointed unto me ; that ye may eat and drink at my table, in my kingdom, and sit on thrones, judging the twelve tribes of Israel.” And again : “Fear not, little flock ; for it

is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." So the Christian pilgrim, animated by such precious promises, has good hope, through grace, of gaining the happy shores of Canaan ; of possessing the heavenly inheritance—of making his eternal abode in the courts of Paradise ; and of sitting down with Abraham, Isaac and Jacob at the banquet of redeeming love, in the kingdom of God. With such glorious prospects in view, no wonder that he should look upon earth as a barren, homeless world ; that he should feel like a stranger and sojourner in it. No wonder that he should speed his earthly flight to reach the blissful skies.

We are entreated by a compassionate Saviour to seek the better country. In the wilderness, the divine injunction to the children of Israel was to march forward to the land of promise : " And the Lord said

unto Moses, Depart and go up hence, thou and the people which thou hast brought up out of the land of Egypt, unto the land which I sware unto Abraham, to Isaac, and to Jacob, saying, Unto thy seed will I give it." The same solemn command, reminding us of our short pilgrimage on earth, is sounding in our ears. It is the entreating voice of the Saviour, calling upon us to forsake this present evil world, and seek our portion in the fair realms of eternal day. It is a voice of compassion and love that says to us, " Arise ye, and depart ; for this is not your rest. Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness." The Christian pilgrim obeys the divine injunction ; sets forward on his journey ; leaves the world, looks beyond this dying scene, gazes on the celestial Canaan, till its glories beam upon his enraptured soul, till he breathes the pure atmosphere of the upper world,

till his ear hears the glorious melody of heaven and his eye catches a glimpse of the king in his beauty, and of the land that is afar off. O, says the weary pilgrim, as onward he journeys with his eye directed towards the heavenly Canaan : In yonder glorious world is my rest and abiding home.

Yes :

“ There is is my house and portion fair;
My treasure and my heart are there,
And my abiding home ;
For me my elder brethren stay,
And angels beckon me away,
And Jesus bids me come ! ”

The Christian confesses that he is a pilgrim here.

All the children of Zion—all who have ever travelled to the Canaan on high, have acknowledged that they were strangers and pilgrims in this wilderness world. Of those ancient worthies who died in faith,—in the bright hope of a blessed immortality

beyond the darksome grave, and who are held up in the precious volume of inspiration, for our imitation in the Christian life—it is said, they “confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth.” To this land of shadows and of death, their views were not confined. No. They looked higher than earth. ‘They desired a better country, that is, an heavenly; wherefore God is not ashamed to be called their God; for he hath prepared for them a city.’ Of Abraham, it is said that he “sojourned in the land of promise, as in a strange country, dwelling in tabernacles with Isaac and Jacob, the heirs with him of the same promise; for he looked for a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God.” The earthly Canaan was but a type of the heavenly; and therefore the patriarchs, overlooking the passing scenes of a sublunary world, elevated their views

to the true land of promise beyond the skies.

In contemplating his present state, each child of God is ready to exclaim with the Psalmist, when addressing his heavenly Father in earnest prayer, “ I am a stranger with thee, and a sojourner, as all my fathers were.” His feelings with regard to earthly objects are beautifully expressed in the glowing language of the Christian poet :

“ Nothing on earth I call my own ;
A stranger to the world, unknown,
I all their goods despise :
I trample on their whole delight,
And seek a city out of sight,
A city in the skies.
No foot of land do I possess ;
No cottage in this wilderness ;
A poor, way faring man ;
I lodge awhile in tents below,
Or gladly wander to and fro,
Till I my Canaan gain.”

Thus the Christian pursues his journey,

and pitches his tent nearer and nearer Canaan, till he reaches the banks of Jordan, where some appointed herald of glory is ready to conduct his happy spirit to the bosom of Abraham—to the mansions of rest—to the Paradise of God.

The believer's life is a progressive one. All the true followers of Jesus are daily advancing in their journey towards the realms of peace. They go on, from strength to strength, through this wilderness scene, until every one of them appeareth before God in the celestial Zion. Their earnest and continued endeavours are to get nearer Heaven, to become ripe for glory; hence, forgetting the things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those which are before, they press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus. They are not satisfied with their present life in the wilderness. It has but

little attractions for them. They are not conformed to the world. They do not think of making their abode in this valley of weeping ; but onward they travel towards the land of Canaan—that pleasant region which lies beyond the Jordan of death. Their course is upward. “ All Christians,” says the pious McCheyne, “ are coming up out of the wilderness. Sabbath days are like mile-stones—marking our way ; or, rather, they are like the wells we used to come to at evening.* Every real Christian is making progress. If the sheep are on the shoulder of the shepherd, they are always getting nearer the fold. With some, the shepherd takes long steps. Dear Christians, you should be advancing, getting higher, nearer to Canaan, riper for glory. In the south of Russia, the coun-

* This refers to his journey to Palestine in 1839.

try is of vast plains, rising by steps. Dear friends, you should get on to a higher place, up another step every Sabbath day. In travelling, you never think of making a house in the wilderness. So, dear friends, do not take up your rest here; we are journeying. Let all your endeavours be to get on in your journey."

We would earnestly invite you, gentle reader, to accompany us in our pilgrimage to the heavenly country. We would beseech you, with the utmost compassion for your immortal soul, to forsake the path of death, and follow the way of life—the way to undying glory and felicity. In a word, we would most affectionately say to you as Moses did to Hobab, "We are journeying unto the place of which the Lord said, I will give it you: come thou with us, and we will do thee good: for the Lord hath spoken good concerning Israel."

CHAPTER II.

COMMENCEMENT OF THE CHRISTIAN'S JOURNEY—
DIFFICULTIES IN THE WAY.

“We must through much tribulation enter into the kingdom of God.”—ACTS xiv. 22.

Let us adore the grace that seeks
To draw our hearts above !
Attend, 'tis God the Saviour speaks,
And every word is love.

No man begins the journey to the heavenly home, until by the gracious influence of the Holy Spirit, his soul is attracted to Christ, the living way, the truth, and the life. At that happy hour when the heart is opened, and the understanding enlightened to discern spiritual things, the Saviour's love is the first to beam in mild, sweet, constraining influence upon the soul

of the renewed man. He wonders that he was not able before to discern the beauty, the excellence and glory of Immanuel. Now, Jesus appears to him the chiefest among ten thousand, and altogether lovely. Now, he is ready to exclaim, "My beloved is mine, and I am his. Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire besides thee."

Thus enlightened by divine grace, the pilgrim turns from the City of Destruction to the Heavenly Mansions. He leaves the crowded road which leadeth to eternal darkness and woe, and enters on the narrow pathway that conducts the weary traveller to realms of light and bliss. The star of Bethlehem is his guide,—the promises of God's word, his rod and staff; and heaven, his everlasting, happy home. His views are now elevated above the decaying objects around him. His affections are placed upon

things above. He contemplates with rapturous delight the bleeding glories of Immanuel, and the shining abode of Zion's pilgrims in the celestial kingdom. He is risen with Jesus. He has become a spiritually minded man. He lives and walks by faith in the Son of God. Though in the world, he is no longer of it; but belongs to the kingdom of Jesus Christ. As an heir of glory, as a traveller to the skies, as an expectant of eternal bliss, he looks above and beyond the troublesome scenes of a fleeting pilgrimage. He enjoys the charming and sublime prospect beyond the precincts of time ! He beholds in that brighter world, an ocean of glory, without a shore, and without a storm !

As the Christian pursues his journey, with his eye fixed on the solemn realities of eternity, earth and sublunary grandeur appear to him as transitory as the morning

cloud and early dew, compared with those immeasurable ages of bliss, which roll before his transported vision.

A traveller on his journey loves to cherish the endearing thoughts of home and domestic happiness. Nothing is so dear to him in all his wanderings as the fireside of his fathers—the land of his birth. In like manner, he who has been constrained by the Saviour's love to begin the blessed journey from the wilderness of this world to the heavenly Canaan, will delight to meditate on the riches and glory of his Father's house, in the pure, unclouded realms of eternal day. The Jerusalem above will be dearer to him than any earthly object. His language will be: “If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning. If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth; if I prefer not

Jerusalem above my chief joy." In every stage of his pilgrimage, the Christian loves to think of that better land, his true, abiding home, where he shall sing triumphant songs of praise to his Redeemer, and his God.

We have thus hinted at the pleasing view which opens to him from whose eyes the scales of unbelief have fallen,—who is enabled to look at eternal things in the light of God's word; and who has set out upon the Christian's journey, to the celestial city. We shall now notice a few of the difficulties which lie in the way to glory; for no sooner does the pilgrim enter on the path of the just than he meets with obstacles. We mention three sources from which the Christian may expect to meet with great opposition in fighting the good fight of faith.

1. *The World.*—The world with its sin-

ful pleasures and enjoyments is calculated to captivate the affections, enchain the heart and impede the pilgrim's progress to the heavenly rest. A thousand fascinating charms are thrown around his pathway through this bewildering world. In city and in country ; on land and on sea—*everywhere*, the soldier of the cross is surrounded by spiritual dangers and difficulties.

Love of the world is one great means of retarding our journey to the skies. O, how many have turned aside from following the blessed Jesus, by placing all their affections upon this present, fleeting scene, which in a very few years at most will profit them nothing ! “ Demas hath forsaken me having loved this present world.” See to it, Christian, that you love not the world. By faith behold the cross of Christ, and the bleeding glories of Calvary, and

this world with all its riches and honours will become a dim and dying object in your view.

“Then pilgrim, let thy joys and fears
On time no longer lean ;
But henceforth all thy hopes and fears
From earth’s affections wean.”

Obey the warning voice of mercy if you would reach the blissful shore : “Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him.”

Notwithstanding the Christian’s endeavours to live above the world, and near to God, how often is he compelled to cry out with the Psalmist : “My soul cleaveth unto the dust : quicken thou me according to thy word.”

“From earth, and all its empty joys,
Blest Jesus, set me free ;
How vain the worldling’s gilded toys,
Compared with heaven and thee !

Thou art my hope, my way, my bliss,
My glory, and my crown ;
Descend, thou blessed Prince of Peace,
And make my heart thy throne.”

We must also expect to meet with opposition from an unbelieving world. Those who have their part and portion here do not love them who have chosen a better inheritance above. The world hates a true follower of the Lamb. Jesus was himself the object of their hatred. No wonder then that his followers should meet with the same reception from unbelievers. The Saviour says to his disciples, “If the world hate you, ye know that it hated me before it hated you. If ye were of the world, the world would love his own ; but because ye are not of the world, but I have chosen you out of the world, therefore the world hateth you.” It has been truly said that if we are faithful, we must indeed

expect reproach ; if we boldly confess Christ before men, and steadily maintain that marked distinction which forms the line of separation between the church and the world, we must submit to have our names cast out as evil.

2. *The Devil.*—The Christian pilgrim will meet with opposition from Satan. “ For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places.” The inspired writers give us directions how we are to meet and vanquish this arch enemy of souls. “ Be sober, be vigilant ; because your adversary, the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour ; whom resist steadfast in the faith.” 1 Peter. v. 8, 9. “ Resist the devil, and he will flee from you.” James. iv. 7 “ Put on the whole armour of God, that ye

may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil. Stand therefore, having your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breast-plate of righteousness ; and your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace ; above all, taking the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked. And take the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God ; praying always with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit, and watching thereunto with all perseverance and supplication for all saints.” Eph. vi. 11, 18 Let us follow this advice, and we shall win a glorious victory, and receive an immortal crown. The God of peace shall bruise Satan under our feet shortly. In the arms of Jesus we shall be safe, eternally safe from the attacks of our subtle adversary. Satan will never be able to pluck a single

believing soul from the hands of an Almighty Saviour. Animated by such a consideration, let us press forward in our pilgrimage, armed with the panoply of Heaven ; and in a little while the Satanic conflict will be over ; then we shall take up sweet, unending songs of triumph in that happy place, where the wicked cease from troubling, and where the weary are at rest.

3. *The Flesh.*—Another enemy, with which the Christian will have to contend until this mortal shall have put on immortality, is the flesh. As the believer is never perfectly sanctified in this life, the remains of corruption in his heart must be a source of continual annoyance to him, in coming up from the wilderness to the land of perfection and bliss. Here, the flesh lusteth against the spirit, and the spirit against the flesh. The Canaanites

are still in the land ; and the soldier of the cross must be always on his guard, lest they surprise and overcome him. “ The remainders of corruption require continual watchfulness and circumspection, lest they increase and regain their former possession of the heart. Sin still dwelling in the believer, causes that warfare which must never cease till this body is laid in the grave, never more to harass the disembodied spirit, encircled with heavenly glory.” How often has the remaining depravity of the human heart made the good man weep and bend, as under an insupportable load, and long to be freed from the bitter thraldom of sinful flesh ! This made Paul cry out in the bitterness of his soul, “ O wretched man that I am ! who shall deliver me from the body of this death ? ” But almost with the same breath he exclaims, as he sees the great Deliverer,

“I thank God, through Jesus Christ our Lord.” Here, then, is our strength and deliverance. Jesus is the salvation of Israel. In him we shall obtain complete dominion over the corruptions of our nature. How reanimating to hear that sweet promise whispered in our ears, while we are still in an enemy’s land, “My grace is sufficient for thee: for my strength is made perfect in weakness.”

Then, if we would overcome all the difficulties which lie in our pathway to immortal bliss—if we would reach the happy shores of Immanuel’s land—let us follow the advice of the apostle. “Let us cast off the works of darkness; let us put on the armour of light; let us walk honestly, as in the day; not in rioting and drunkenness; not in chambering and wantonness; not in strife and envying. But, above all, let us put on the Lord

Jesus Christ, and make not provision for the flesh to fulfil the lusts thereof."

What a glorious reward is held forth to him who is true to the cause of Christ throughout his pilgrimage on earth! "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." O what unutterable bliss awaits the faithful followers of Jesus in that eternal, glorious world toward which they are daily advancing! And how much is there in the Holy Scriptures to animate us in struggling amid the sorrows and conflicts of the Christian course! They tell us that all the riches and glories of the heavenly Canaan are to be enjoyed through the ceaseless ages of eternity, by those who have overcome by the blood of the Lamb.

The cheering language of the Saviour is, "To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the tree of life, which is in the midst of the Paradise of God." And again: "Him

that overcometh, will I make a pillar in the temple of my God, and he shall go no more out. He that overcometh shall inherit all things: and I will be his God, and he shall be my son."

CHAPTER III.

ENCOURAGEMENTS—PROVISION BY THE WAY.

“ Bread shall be given him ; his waters shall be sure.”—Is. xxxiii. 16.

“ I thirst!—O God, great Source of love !
Infinite Life, streams from above.
O give one drop and let me live !
The barren world has nought to give :
No solace have its streams for me ;
I thirst alone for heaven and thee.”

When the Israelites were marching through the burning wilderness of Arabia to the promised land, God nourished them with bread from heaven, and with water from a smitten rock. Then he opened the doors of heaven, and rained down manna upon them to eat, and gave them of the

corn of heaven. “Man did eat angels’ food ; He sent them meat to the full. He clave the rock in the wilderness, and gave them drink as out of the great depths. He brought streams also out of the rock, and caused waters to run down like rivers.” Psalm lxxviii. The same is true, in a spiritual sense, of Zion’s pilgrims, who are journeying through this barren, wilderness world to the happy Canaan above. They are encircled in the same everlasting arms. Their wants are supplied by the same almighty hand. They eat of the hidden manna, and drink of the water of life. How beautifully is this comparison illustrated by the Christian poet !

“When Israel by divine command
The pathless desert trod,
They found, though 'twas a barren land,
A sure resource in God.

A cloudy pillar marked their road,
And screened them from the heat ;

From the hard rocks the water flowed,
And manna was their meat.

Like them we have a rest in view,
Secure from adverse powers :
Like them we pass a desert, too ;
But Israel's God is ours.

Yes, in this barren wilderness,
He is to us the same,
By his appointed means of grace,
As once he was to them."

A gracious God, in the infinitude of his love, has provided ample provision for the refreshment and support of weary pilgrims, in passing through this dark vale to the joyous realms of everlasting light. Here, he has instituted the precious ordinances of divine grace and salvation for our joy and happiness, till we come to worship him in his temple above. As our kind Heavenly Father, he has given us the bread of life. Jesus Christ is the true bread from heaven, with which the souls of believers

are nourished in their lonely pilgrimage. Says the Saviour, “ I am the bread of life : he that cometh to me, shall never hunger ; and he that believeth on me, shall never thirst. I am the living bread which came down from heaven : if any man eat of this bread, he shall live for ever : and the bread that I will give is my flesh, which I will give for the life of the world.” The Israelites, in their wanderings in the wilderness, were fed with manna ; but we, in our journey to a better land, partake of the fulness of Jesus, whose flesh is meat indeed, and whose blood is drink indeed. Here, in this wilderness,

“ Jesus, the bread of life, is given
To be our daily food ;
We drink a wondrous stream from heaven,
’Tis water, wine, and blood.”

Lord, ’tis enough, I ask no more,
These blessings are divine ;
I envy not the worlding’s store,
If Christ and heaven are mine.”

Here, we drink of the living waters of salvation—those streams of immortal joy, which issue from the pierced side of a blessed Redeemer, for the refreshment of thirsty pilgrims, wandering through the deserts of life. The perennial fountain of that river, whose streams make glad the city of our God, is to be found in a suffering Saviour; and at this precious fountain we may quench our thirst for ever.

“ Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him,” says Jesus, “ shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him, shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life.” Here is the well of endless life. O thirsty soul, come to a bleeding Saviour, and drink, and live for ever. You are earnestly invited to come to the fountain of life. These living waters are freely offered to you, to me, to one, to all. This is the language

of redeeming love: "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters: and he that hath no money, come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price." Isa. iv. 1. "The Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that is athirst, come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." Rev. xxii. 17. "I will give unto him that is athirst, of the fountain of the water of life freely." Rev. xxi. 6.

When the children of Israel left the land of Egypt, the Lord guided them through the pathless desert by a pillar of cloud and fire, until they were brought to the borders of Canaan. Thus the great Leader of his spiritual Israel has kindled a light in this dark and dreary land to guide his chosen people to that glorious realm on high, where, it is said, "The Lord shall be unto thee an everlasting light, and thy God thy glory."

The blessed word of God affords the Christian traveller light, comfort, joy, and provision by the way. Says the Psalmist : “ Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path. This is my comfort in my affliction ; for thy word hath quickened me. Thy statutes have been my songs in the house of my pilgrimage. Thy testimonies have I taken as a heritage for ever ; for they are the rejoicing of my heart. How sweet are thy words unto my taste ! yea, sweeter than honey to my mouth.”

In the Bible there is every thing provided for the needy traveller to Zion. “ It embodies all,” says an eloquent living divine,* “ that a Christian in this pilgrimage

* Rev. J. B. Waterbury, D. D., a distinguished clergyman of Boston,—author of “ Advice to a Young Christian,” “ Who are the Happy ? ” “ Considerations for Young Men,” &c., &c. These beau-

can need. It is his only chart through this tempestuous life. In trouble, it is his consolation; in prosperity, his monitor; in difficulty, his guide. Amid the darkness of death, and while descending into the shadowy valley, it is the day star that illuminates his path, makes his dying eye bright with hope, and cheers his soul with the prospects of immortal glory."

Ample provision is set before the pilgrim of Zion in a preached gospel. Here it is that his soul is refreshed with the richest streams of divine grace. Here, he draws living water out of the wells of salvation with joy. No wonder, then, that the child of God loves, above all other places in

tiful and excellent practical treatises we would earnestly commend to the attention of every young disciple of the Saviour. They are the productions of an able and pious divine.

this world, the habitation of God's house. No wonder that his language is

“I joyed when to the house of God,
Go up, they said to me;
Jerusalem, within thy gates
Our feet shall standing be.”

“How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts! A day in thy courts is better than a thousand. I had rather be a door-keeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness.”

But the most abundant provision is procured for needy pilgrims in the Lord's supper. This is a most precious, a most soul-ravishing ordinance of grace. Surely, if there is a time when the Christian is permitted to lie down in green pastures by the still waters, in this bleak and barren world, it is during communion seasons, when he draws around that holy table, and meditates on the wonders of Calvary. Then it is

Then it is that his weary soul is refreshed with the abundance of God's grace, and with the goodness of his house. Then it is that he reposes with the greatest delight under the shadow of Jesus who protects all his people from the burning wrath of an offended God. "I sat down under his shadow with great delight, and his fruit was sweet to my taste."

If there is a moment this side of heaven, when the Christian traveller seems to breathe a purer atmosphere than that of earth, it is when seated at the table of the Lord, he takes into his hands the emblems of Immanuel's broken body and shed blood, and, with the eye of faith turned towards Calvary, views that immaculate Saviour nailed to the accursed tree, bleeding from every pore—in his unparalleled love, dying for rebel man, and by his vicarious death, opening the way to God and to glory.

When the believing communicant appropriates Christ and his righteousness, as freely offered in this ordinance, he feels as if his happy spirit were fanned by the breezes of Paradise. It is this appropriating act—this feasting on Christ crucified that refreshes the weary pilgrim infinitely more than all the enjoyments of a dying world. This rich provision satisfies the soul as with marrow and fatness: it fills it with joy, unutterable, indescribable, and full of glory. Our poor pen cannot describe the joy and peace which a famishing soul experiences when it eats of the hidden manna and drinks of the living water. It is impossible to tell how soul-reviving it is thus to receive a crucified Saviour as ours—to have his goodness imparted to our souls.

“How sweet the sacred joy that dwells
In souls renewed by power divine;

Where Jesus all his goodness tells :
Oh ! may this joy be ever mine."

Come, then, weary pilgrim, and repose in these green pastures, and bathe in the still waters. You will then be invigorated for treading the pathway through the shades of earth to that bright, happy region where you shall for ever eat of the fruit of the tree of life in the midst of the Paradise of God ; and where you shall drink of that perennial fountain which issues from the throne of the Eternal.

How happy is the condition of Zion's pilgrims even in this land of sorrow ! Their wants are all supplied out of Jesus, in whom it hath pleased the Father that all fulness should dwell. Their provision is prepared by the God of all grace, and it is sufficient. "They shall feed in the ways, and their pastures shall be in all high places. They shall not hunger nor

thirst, neither shall the heat nor sun smite them : for he that hath mercy on them shall lead them, even by the springs of water shall he guide them.” Isa. xlix. 9, 10.

Go then, Christian traveller, on your way to the peaceful shore of glory, singing with a cheerful heart, the pilgrim’s song :

“ The Lord’s my shepherd, I’ll not want ;
 He makes me down to lie
In pastures green : he leadeth me
 The quiet waters by.

My soul he doth restore again ;
 And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
 Even for his own name’s sake.

Yea, though I walk in death’s dark vale,
 Yet will I fear none ill :
For thou art with me ; and thy rod
 And staff me comfort still.

My table thou hast furnished
 In presence of my foes ;

My head thou dost with oil anoint,
And my cup overflows.

Goodness and mercy all my life
Shall surely follow me ;
And in God's house for evermore
My dwelling place shall be."

CHAPTER IV.

THE CHRISTIAN PILGRIM IN THE VALLEY OF BACA.

“Who passing through the valley of Baca.”—Ps. lxxxiv. 6.

“God, in Israel sows the seed
Of affliction, pain, and toil;
These spring up and choke the weeds
Which would else o’erspread the soil:
Trials make the promise sweet,
Trials give new life to prayer;
Trials bring me to his feet,
Lay me low, and keep me there.”

Our pilgrimage to the Heavenly Canaan lies through a valley of weeping. This earth is a vale of tears: and it is a path which all of Zion’s pilgrims must tread until they come to that place where the voice of weeping shall no more be heard.

We must through much tribulation enter into the kingdom of God. Acts xiv. 22. Of God's own chosen people, it is said, "Thou feedest them with the bread of tears; and givest them tears to drink in great measure." The followers of Jesus must not, therefore, expect to find a smooth road to glory. "Thou, O God, hast proved us: thou hast tried us, as silver is tried. Thou broughtest us into the net; thou laidest affliction upon our loins; thou hast caused men to ride over our heads; we went through fire and water; but thou broughtest us out into a wealthy place." Ps. lxvi. 10, 12.

"Our path is strewed with piercing thorns;
Each step is gained by arduous fight,
Yet wait, till hope's bright morning dawns,
Till darkness changes into light."

Some of the trials which render this world a vale of tears, and which the Christian pilgrim is called to suffer, are, bodily

sickness, mental anguish, adversity, and bereavement. Who has not experienced some of these afflictions?

1. *Our limits will permit us to notice only the last mentioned—that of bereavement.* And whose cheeks have not been moistened by the tears shed for the loss of some dear companion? Who has not, in this land of death, been called to take the last look of some loved associate in his toilsome pilgrimage?—to see, perhaps, his dearest friends lowered in the cold, dark grave? O, how trying to flesh and blood is bereavement! “This is the bitterest of all earthly sorrows. It is the sharpest arrow in the quiver of God. To love tenderly and deeply, and then to part; to meet together for the last time on earth; to bid farewell for time; to have all past remembrances of home and kindred broken up; this is the reality of sorrow;—to look

upon that face that shall smile on us no more ; to close those eyes that shall see us no more ; to press those lips that shall speak to us no more ; to stand by the cold side of father, mother, brother, sister, friend, yet hear no sound and receive no greeting ; to carry to the tomb the beloved of our hearts, and then to return to a desolate home with a blank in one region of our souls, which shall never again be filled till Jesus comes with all his saints—this is the bitterness of grief ; this is the wormwood and the gall.” This is what the saints of God, as well as the men of the world, are daily called to endure ; and this is what renders earth such a vale of tears.

2. But we would also notice the design which God has in afflicting the righteous. It is to prepare them for that better land, where there is fulness of joy. It is to draw their affections from earth to Heaven—

from the wilderness to Canaan. It is to make us mindful of our inheritance above—to make us feel that we are strangers and pilgrims on the earth—to make us cleave to Jesus by faith—to make us meditate on the wonders of his redeeming love—to qualify us for a participation of the joys of the redeemed before the throne. Our light momentary affliction worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. “Affliction,” says one, “not only profits us much just now, but it will serve us much in eternity. Then we shall discover how much we owe to it. All that it is doing for us, we know not now, but we shall know hereafter. It is preparing for us a ‘more abundant entrance,’ a weightier crown, a whiter robe, a sweeter rest, a home made doubly precious by a long exile and many sufferings here below.”

“I wonder,” says that godly man of other days, Rev. Samuel Rutherford, “I wonder many times that ever a child of God should have a sad heart, considering what the Lord is preparing for them.” “When we shall come home, and enter into the possession of our brother’s fair kingdom, and when our heads shall feel the weight of the eternal crown of glory, and when we shall look back to pain and sufferings, then shall we see life and sorrow to be less than one step or stride from a prison to glory, and that our little inch of time-suffering is not worthy of our first night’s welcome home to Heaven.” “However matters go, the worst shall be a tired traveller, and a joyful and sweet welcome home.”*

* Says that excellent divine, Rev. Horatius Bonar, of Kelso, Scotland, “Beloved, ‘it is well.’ It is good to be afflicted. Our days of suffering here

3. *But amid all our affliction here we are not without strong consolation.*—The most precious promises are extended to the mourning pilgrims of Zion. There is one that speaks to them in the tenderest love and compassion. “God hath comforted his people, and will have mercy upon his afflicted.” Is. xlix. 13. “I, even I, am he that comforteth you.” Is. li. 12. There is an eye that watches over suffering pilgrims. There is a hand that smooths the rugged passage to the realms of day. There is a friend in Heaven, who feels for his sorrowful disciples in this vale of tears. Jesus is that friend who sticketh closer than a brother;

we call days of darkness; hereafter they will seem our brightest and fairest. In eternity we shall praise Jehovah, most of all for our sorrows and tears. So blessed shall they then seem to us, that we shall wonder how we could ever weep and sigh.”—*Night of Weeping*, p. 174.

and his encouraging language to his afflicted followers is, “ Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father’s house are many mansions.” “ He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.”

There is a joyful harvest-home for weeping pilgrims in the New Jerusalem. In that happy home, no tears shall ever flow, through the glorious ages of vast eternity.

“ There purity with love appears,

And bliss without alloy;

There they that oft had sown in tears

Shall reap again in joy.”

Of those who are marching through this vale of tears to Immanuel’s land, our gracious Heavenly Father has said: “ They shall come and sing in the heights of Zion; and they shall not sorrow any more at all:

for I will turn their mourning into joy, and will comfort them, and make them rejoice from their sorrow.” Then shall every tear be wiped away from the faces of all the redeemed before the throne of God.

4. A consideration of the brevity of their earthly trials ought to afford relief to weary pilgrims who are looking to Jesus for eternal life.—They will not be long in the valley of Baca. They will soon have reached the heights of Mount Zion. Our light affliction is but for a moment. “Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.” Ps. xxx. 5.

How pleasing is the thought that our redemption is every moment drawing nearer. We may well lift up our heads with joy, for the coming of the Lord draweth nigh. Our journey to the skies is but a short one. We are rapidly advancing to the tearless region. “Every hour that strikes,—every

morning that dawns, and every evening that darkens around us, brings us nearer to the end of our pilgrimage.” A few more tears of sorrow; a few more days of darkness, and nights of weeping, and we shall ever be with the Lord in that better country, where we shall find fulness of joy in the presence of Him who hath loved us with an everlasting love—who hath washed us from our sins in his own most precious blood, and who will wipe away all tears from our eyes. Then the Lord will be our everlasting light, and the days of our mourning be ended. Even so, come, Lord Jesus.

CHAPTER V.

THE CHRISTIAN ON PISGAH'S MOUNT.

“Thine eyes shall see the king in his beauty : they shall behold the land that is very far off.”—Isa. xxxiii. 17.

“I was a groveling creature once,
And basely cleaved to earth ;
I wanted spirit to renounce
The clod that gave me birth.

But God has breathed upon a worm,
And sent me from above
Wings such as clothe an angel’s form—
The wings of joy and love.

With these to Pigsah’s top I fly,
And there delighted stand :
To view beneath a shining sky,
The spacious promised land.”

Before the children of Israel gained

possession of the land of Canaan, they were refreshed with a taste of its delicious fruits. In like manner, the Christian, before he reaches the better country, has many sweet foretastes of celestial joys.

Blessed be God! the believer is not always in the valley of weeping. There are times when he seems to live above the world, and to have nothing but the glories of heaven in his eye. At such delightful seasons, he can adopt the soul-stirring language of Dr. Payson: "The celestial city is full in my view. Its glories beam upon me, its breezes fan me, its odours are wafted to me, its sounds strike upon my ears, and its spirit is breathed into my heart."

The views of the pilgrim, when by faith he surveys the better land, are similar to those of Christian when showed the Delectable Mountains. How beautifully and

strikingly is this described by the immortal Bunyan : " Then I saw in my dream, that on the morrow he got up to go forward, but they desired him to stay till the next day also ; and then, said they, we will, if the day be clear, show you the Delectable Mountains ; which, they said, would yet farther add to his comfort, because they were nearer the desired haven than the place where at present he was ; so he consented and stayed. When the morning was up, they had him to the top of the house, and bid him look south. So he did, and behold, at a great distance, he saw a most pleasant mountainous country, beautified with woods, vineyards, fruits of all sorts, flowers also, with springs and fountains, very delectable to behold. Isa. xxxiii. 16, 17. Then he asked the name of the country. They said it was Immanuel's land ; and it is as common, said they, as this hill

is, to and for all the pilgrims. And when thou comest there, from thence thou mayst see to the gate of the celestial city, as the shepherds that live there will make appear."

We would notice, in a word or two, *how* and *where* the Christian obtains the most glorious views of that Promised Land which lies beyond the Jordan of death.

1. *As Moses obtained a view of the earthly Canaan from the top of Pisgah, so we get a glimpse of heavenly glory from the mount of meditation—our spiritual Pisgah.*—“By meditation,” says a pious old divine, “I can converse with God—solace myself in the bosom of my beloved; bathe myself in rivers of pleasures; tread the paths of my rest, and view the mansions of my eternity. What gainest thou, then, O my soul, in this valley of tears? Up upon the mount, and view the Land of Promise. What canst thou look for in this wilderness

of trouble? Up upon the wing, and take thy flight to Heaven: let thy thoughts be where thy happiness is, and let thy heart be where thy thoughts are; though thy habitation may be on earth, yet thy conversation shall be in Heaven."

2. *It is while waiting upon God in the courts of his house—while seated at the table of the Lord, that the Christian pilgrim sometimes obtains the brightest views of Heaven.*—It is in the earthly temple of the Lord that we oftentimes obtain a glimpse of the heavenly mansion. Here it is, that a sweet promise has been repeatedly verified to the children of God: "Thine eyes shall see the king in his beauty; they shall behold the land that is very far off."

O how delightful is it thus to glance from earth to Heaven—from a dying world to one of immortal bloom—from the turbulent scene of our toil and suffering to the peace-

ful mansions of our rest and felicity ! There is nothing that transports the soul of a weary pilgrim like a faith's views of his eternal rest beyond the swelling floods of Jordan.

“ How rich the prospect glows
 Beyond this vale of tears ;
Where crystal water flows,
 And verdure crowns the year.”

Come then, fellow pilgrim, and survey your everlasting, happy home. Aseend the Mount of Pisgah, and behold the glorious land before you. View the celestial city, with its twelve gates of pearls, and its streets of gold, enlightened by the glory of God and the Lamb. See the river of pleasure, with its crystal streams, flowing from the eternal throne ; and the tree of life, with its twelve manner of fruits, standing in the midst of the Paradise. Behold the countless throng of the redeemed before the throne. Hear their sweet melo-

dious strains, which shall ever gladden the realms above : “ Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father ; to him be glory and dominion for ever and ever, Amen.” “ Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing.”

“ There shall the ransomed throng
A Saviour’s love record ;
And shout in everlasting song,
SALVATION TO THE LORD.”

Above all, contemplate your blessed Redeemer, seated on his great white throne, encircled with heavenly glory. Look at the king in his beauty. It is the sight of a glorified Saviour that will make the heaven of the believer. Endeavour now, by the eye of faith, to behold the Lord Jesus

in all his matchless beauty and excellency. Contemplate his glorious character ; his infinite mercy ; his unparalleled condescension, and his boundless love. There is enough in Jesus to employ the soul in rapturous meditation through a vast eternity. His excellency, his goodness, and his love can never be fathomed. O, then, keep your eye fixed on this adorable Saviour, while you sojourn in this vale of tears ; and in a little while you shall see him as he is,—face to face, and ascribe to him unceasing praise.

How reviving to the weary Christian traveller, from the top of Pisgah, is a view of his distant, happy home in the heavenly Canaan ! His feelings on this delightful spot are well expressed in the following beautiful lines of Newton :

“ As when the weary traveller gains,
The height of some o'er looking hill,

His heart revives, if cross the plains
He eyes his home, tho' distant still.
While he surveys the much loved spot,
He slighted the space that lies between;
His past fatigues are now forgot,
Because his journey's end is seen.
Thus when the Christian pilgrim views
By faith, his mansion in the skies,
The sight his fainting strength renews,
And wings his speed to reach the prize.
The thought of home his spirit cheers,
No more he grieves for troubles past;
Nor any future trial fears,
So he may safe arrive at last.
'Tis there, he says, I am to dwell
With Jesus, in the realms of day;
Then I shall bid my cares farewell,
And he will wipe my tears away."

CHAPTER VI.

THE POSTURE OF THE CHRISTIAN PILGRIM IN COMING UP FROM THE WILDERNESS OF THIS WORLD.

“Who is this that cometh up from the wilderness
leaning upon her Beloved?”—CANT. viii. 5.

“But firm as on a rock,
The saint on Christ relies ;
He smiles in death’s dissolving shock,
And mounts into the skies !”

The Jewish church came up from the wilderness, leaning on the eternal God for her support. He was the guide, the rock, the salvation of his chosen Israel. “He found him in a desert land, and in the waste howling wilderness ; he led him about, he instructed him, he kept him as the apple of his eye. As an eagle stirreth up her nest, fluttereth over her young, spreadeth abroad

her wings, taketh them, beareth them on her wings ; so the Lord alone did lead him, and there was no strange god with him.” Deut. xxxii. 10—12. In like manner, the Christian church in passing through the deserts of life has Israel’s God for her leader. The same gracious eye that watched over the wandering tribes of Israel in their long journey through the Arabian wilderness, is now watching with the tenderest care and love over that chosen band, who have forsaken all for Christ, and who are marching through a changing, terrestrial scene to a higher, brighter, nobler world on high. “ The eye of the Lord is upon them that fear him : upon them that hope in his mercy.” Psa. xxxiii. 18. “ He that toucheth you, toucheth the apple of his eye.” Zech. ii. 8. The same kind hand that led Israel of old to the promised land, guides the humble followers of Jesus to

mansions of glory in the skies. "The Lord of hosts is with us." Psa. xlvi. 7. The eternal God is our refuge ; and underneath and around us are the everlasting arms.

In the 8th chapter of the Song of Solomon we have the posture of the pilgrim, advancing to the celestial city, beautifully presented to us : "Who is this that cometh up from the wilderness, leaning upon her beloved?" Here we see the blessed object on which the Christian reposes, while passing through this scene of fluctuating and perishing mortality. He relies entirely upon Jesus Christ, the beloved of his soul. He looks to no other source for protection and support. He hopes in no other refuge. His language is, "Lord, to whom shall we go? thou hast the words of eternal life."

We would advert to a few ways in which a believing soul, in coming up from the wilderness, rests on Jesus, the sinner's friend.

1. *He rests on him for strength.*—The poor pilgrim has no might in himself; but relying on Christ, he can say with holy Paul, “When am I weak, then I am strong.” What a happy thing it is to feel our own weakness and nothingness in the sight of Heaven; and then to cast ourselves into the strong arms of Jesus—those arms of infinite love which encircle and sustain all the righteous. “The name of the Lord is a strong tower; the righteous runneth into it, and is safe.” Prov. xviii. 10. It is by leaning upon the beloved of our souls that we are made strong.

Helpless pilgrim, would you obtain strength for gaining the joyful heights of Zion? Then look to Jesus. Rest in him now; and in a little while, when you cross into Canaan, you will rest with him in that happy land, where weariness and sorrow are unknown. Do not trust to your own

strength ; but wait upon the Lord, and you will be upheld with divine grace and power. Then you will be enabled to press onward with the greatest speed and alacrity to the heavenly mansions. “ The Lord is the hope of his people, and the strength of the children of Israel.” Joel iii. 16. He giveth power to the faint ; and to them that have no might he increaseth strength. “ Even the youths shall faint and be weary, and the young men shall utterly fall ; but they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength ; they shall mount up with wings as eagles ; they shall run, and not be weary ; and they shall walk, and not faint.” Is. xl. 29—31.

“ Blest Jesus, to my soul
Thy grace and strength impart ;
Till, clothed in perfect righteousness,
I see thee as thou art.
As I wander through the desert,
Be my constant help and stay :

Shine upon my path, and lead me
To the realms of endless day."

Happy is he who in the morning of life casts all his care upon Jesus ; who takes the Saviour as his all and in all—as the strength of his heart and his portion for ever. He may sweetly sing as he is tossed upon the surging billows of life's ocean, "O Lord, I will praise thee : though thou wast angry with me, thine anger is turned away, and thou comfortdest me. Behold, God is my salvation ; I will trust, and not be afraid : for the Lord Jehovah is my strength and my song ; he also is become my salvation."

"But Jesus is my living way,
My only trust, my hope, my stay ;
From him, I all my strength receive,
And daily on his fulness live."

2. *The Christian cleaves to Jesus by faith*—He knows that his Redeemer liveth,

and he rests his whole weight upon him. He lives upon an unseen Saviour. Our life in the wilderness is a life of faith. Here, we live by faith and walk by faith. This will be the manner of our life until we come to behold our Redeemer face to face in the heavenly Jerusalem, and enjoy all the blessedness of that better country above. But such a life is one of comfort and joy to the Christian pilgrim in this wilderness land. "O ! the blessedness and joy of faith ! How does it bring near, and realize a view of Christ in glory ! Do we indeed see Christ by the eye of faith ? Is he the one chief object of our souls ? Is he precious to us ? Verily, then, we shall count our days on earth toilsome ones, and long for the full fruition of him in glory. It will be our great joy to see him, whose blessed head was crowned with thorns, and whose lovely face was spit upon, for us :

till then, let us live by faith in him, constantly crying, ‘Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly.’”

Though the believer may be walking in darkness, yet he must still, by faith, lean upon the beloved of his soul. “Who is among you that feareth the Lord, that obeyeth the voice of his servant, that walketh in darkness, and hath no light? let him trust in the name of the Lord, and stay upon his God.” Is. l. 10. The pathway to the celestial mansions is often obscured by darkness. Here, at best, we see but through a glass, darkly.*

“Darkness overspreads us here,
But the night wears fast away:
Jacob’s star will soon appear,
Leading on eternal day!”

* We are but as wayfaring men, wandering in the lonely night, who see dimly upon the distant mountain-peak the reflection of a sun that never rises here, but which shall never set in the ‘new heavens’ hereafter.”—BONAR

The commission of sin is the great cause of the Christian being often left to wander in darkness. “Your iniquities,” says the prophet, “have separated between you and your God, and your sins have hid his face from you, that he will not hear.” How sad is such a condition! When, for a season, the light of God’s countenance is withdrawn from the believer, he is led to cry with pious Job, “Oh, that I were as in months past, as in the days when God preserved me; when his candle shined upon my head, and when by his light I walked through darkness.” “Behold, I go forward, but he is not there; and backward, but I cannot perceive him: on the left hand, where he doth work, but I can not behold him: he hideth himself on the right hand, that I can not see him;” and with the Psalmist, “My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God: when shall I come and

appear before God?" And he can also say with the pious Cowper, who trod a gloomy path to the realms of day,

"O for a closer walk with God!
A calm and heavenly frame!
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!"

The duty of the Christian, walking in darkness, is to trust in the name of the Lord, and stay upon his God. Let him always be found relying upon his beloved; and, though his days on earth may be darksome ones, yet at the "evening time" of his pilgrimage "it shall be light." How sweet will be the light of Heaven to such a soul! In order to obtain the greatest light and comfort now, let the follower of the Lamb be found diligently improving the means of grace and salvation, which God has afforded him. "Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom;

teaching and admonishing one another in psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs, singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord." Col. iii. 16. How often has a beam from Heaven darted upon the pilgrim while engaged in the sweet employment of praising God !

" Sometimes a light surprises
The Christian while he sings ;
It is the Lord who rises
With healing in his wings ;
When comforts are declining,
He grants the soul again
A season of clear shining,
To cheer it after rain."

3. *The believer rests on Jesus for righteousness and pardon.*—The language of a renewed soul is, " In the Lord have I righteousness and strength. In the Lord shall all the seed of Israel be justified, and shall glory." Isa. xlv. 25. Man had no righteousness of his own to justify him in

sight of heaven. Not a single soul could have gained the celestial Paradise if the Son of God had not assumed humanity, and by a life of obedience and suffering, fulfilled the violated law, and brought in an everlasting righteousness. Blessed be God ! the Sun of Righteousness has arisen upon our benighted world ; and Zion's pilgrims walk in his light. "Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth." Rom. x. 4. In the 23d chapter of Jeremiah, he is called, "THE LORD OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS." Every believer in Christ is arrayed in that linen, clean and white, which is the righteousness of saints. His robes are washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb.

How happy is the condition of the saint ! His sins are all cancelled by the atoning righteousness of our Lord and Saviour, whose language is, " I, even I, am he that

blotteth out thy transgressions for mine own sake, and will not remember thy sins.” As the Christian pilgrim journeys towards the realms of peace, leaning upon Jesus for righteousness and pardon, he can raise his voice in triumphant songs of praise to his Redeemer. This is one of his sweetest songs in the house of his pilgrimage : “ I will greatly rejoice in the Lord, my soul shall be joyful in my God ; for he hath clothed me with the garments of salvation, he hath covered me with the robe of righteousness.”

He can also look forward to the dark waters of Jordan, and say, with the poet,

“ When death shall loose the silver cord,
Obedient to thy mandate, Lord,
My soul shall joy and peace possess,
If Jesus be my righteousness.”

4. *The Christian Pilgrim relies on Jesus for guidance through this vale of tears to the peaceful shore of a blessed eternity.—*

“Thou shalt guide me with thy counsel, and afterward receive me to glory.” Psa. lxxiii. 24.

“Jesus, on thee our hope depends,
To lead us on to thine abode :
Assured our home will make amends
For all our toil while on the road.”

Amid all the vicissitudes of a sublunary scene—in prosperity and adversity, in health and sickness, in life and death, the weary pilgrim reclines on the Almighty Arm of Jesus, and all is well. He knows that what the Saviour has promised, he will perform ; and he reads, with unspeakable delight, these precious promises : “I will instruct thee, and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go : I will guide thee with mine eye.” Psa. xxxii. 8. “And the Lord shall guide thee continually, and satisfy thy soul in drought, and make fat thy bones : and thou shalt be like a watered

garden, and like a spring of water, whose waters fail not.” Isa. lviii. 11.

5. *The believer trusts in Christ for eternal life.*—Of that little flock who have chosen the better land for their inheritance, Jesus says, “ I will give unto them eternal life ; and they shall never perish, neither shall any pluck them out of my hand ;” and again : “ I am the resurrection and the life : he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live : and whosoever liveth, and believeth in me, shall never die.” This is the most precious promised blessing of the covenant of grace. No created mind can comprehend the full import of these words—ETERNAL LIFE ! They include in them the highest bliss of heaven. Such a life will the Saviour eventually bestow upon those who now repose in him. There is a blissful hour fast approaching, when the weather-beaten pil-

grim shall be raised above the storms of life by the Saviour's hand. Beyond the swellings of the Jordan of death there is a peaceful shore, a happy land, where the pilgrims of Zion shall be invested with the robes of immortality, and reign with Christ for ever and ever.

Fellow pilgrim, we would earnestly invite you to come and put your trust in Him who will sustain you amid the heart-rending trials of this vale of tears, and who will bring you to a better land—who will bestow upon you an immortal existence, an unfading wreath of glory in that world beyond the stars. In all your wanderings through this world, cleave closely to Jesus. Live to Him who died for you. O, may the redeeming love of the blessed Saviour constrain you to be wholly his. Live with an eye fixed upon his cross. Turn to that sacred mount, and behold a Saviour ex-

piring for your salvation ; hear him exclaiming, “ It is finished.”

“ O the sweet wonders of that cross,
Where Christ, my Saviour, loved and died ;
Her noblest life my spirit draws
From his dear wounds and bleeding side.”

Go, then, and live upon Christ. Live in the daily contemplation of his glorious atonement, and in the sincere belief of his all-sufficiency to save your soul. May your language ever be that of an enraptured Apostle ; “ God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world.”

If you thus live by faith in Christ, and in the blessed hope of a glorious immortality, you need not fear, at the close of life, to tread along death’s dark vale—to cross Jordan’s swelling stream ; for in that solemn hour, Jesus will sustain and comfort

you by his presence ; and God will redeem your soul from the power of the grave ; for he shall receive you.

“ O, could I find, from day to day,
A nearness to my God,
Then would my hours glide sweet away,
While leaning on his word.

Lord, I desire with thee to live
Anew from day to day,
In joys the world can never give,
Nor ever take away.

Blest Jesus, come, and rule my heart,
And make me wholly thine,
That I may never more depart,
Nor grieve thy love divine.

Thus, till my last, expiring breath,
Thy goodness I'll adore ;
And when my frame dissolves in death,
My soul shall love thee more.”

CHAPTER VII.

PASSAGE OVER THE JORDAN OF DEATH.

“When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee: and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee.”—Is. xlivi. 2.

“How sweet the hour of closing day,
When all is peaceful and serene.
And when the sun, with cloudless ray,
Sheds mellow lustre o'er the scene !
Such is the Christian's parting hour,
So peacefully he sinks to rest;
When faith, endowed from Heaven with power,
. Sustains and cheers his languid breast.”

As the Christian pilgrim is about to leave the wilderness of this world for ever, he has to cross a dark stream. The Jordan of death rolls between this world and the celestial Canaan. Before they obtained

full possession of the promised land the Israelites had to pass over Jordan; so every traveller to the Canaan above must cross over the river of death, before he is admitted into the courts of Paradise, and obtains possession of the heavenly inheritance.

In the 3d chapter of Joshua we have an interesting account of the Israelites' passage over Jordan. We there read as follows: "And it came to pass, when the people removed from their tents to pass over Jordan, and the priests bearing the ark of the covenant before the people, that, as they that bare the ark were come into Jordan, and the feet of the priests were dipped in the brim of the water, that the waters which came down from above stood and rose up upon a heap; and the priests that bare the ark of the covenant of the Lord stood firm on dry ground in the midst of Jordan, and all the Israelites passed over on dry ground."

Now, all this is typical of the believer's triumphant passage over the Jordan of death. When the fainting Christian pilgrim comes to the brink of this last swelling stream, over which all must pass, Jesus Christ, our Great High Priest, who bears the everlasting covenant on his shoulders, goes before and rolls back the surging waves that the ransomed soul may pass safely over into glory. In the prospect of dissolution, the saint may say, with a Christian poet—

“A swelling Jordan rolls between,
A timid pilgrim I;
But grace shall order all the scene,
And Christ himself be nigh.
He shall roll back the foaming wave,
Command the channel dry;
No sting hath death, no victory grave,
With Jesus in my eye.”

What we design in the few following pages, is, to comfort the timid Christian

in the prospect of death; to show that Jesus is with believers in the dark valley; to cite some of the last words of eminent saints, who, sustained and cheered by the Saviour, have passed over Jordan with songs of triumph; and to contemplate the happy termination of the Christian pilgrim's journey, and his joyful entrance upon the rest above.

1. *The precious religion of Jesus affords the strongest consolation to the Christian pilgrim in the view of death.*--There is no reason why he should dread its approach. Its terrors are subdued; its sting is extracted; it is a disarmed enemy. Death can not harm the child of God; but for him to die is gain. To such it is the beginning of everlasting, celestial joys--the daybreak of a glorious eternity. It is only a peaceful slumber in Jesus--an entering into the joy of the Lord. It is but to de-

part from a land of sorrow and bereavement, and be with Christ in those happy regions where God shall wipe away all tears from the eye. To the Christian, "death has changed its nature and its name. Call it no more death; it is the sweet sleep of the body, deposited in its earthly bed, under the eye of the Redeemer, till the morning of the resurrection."

Many pious Christians are held in bondage by the fear of crossing the river of death. Their feelings with regard to this subject are not what they should be. They ought to rise above the fear of dissolution; for Christ has delivered us from this bondage. He has achieved this victory by the assumption of humanity—by destroying the works of the devil, and by passing through the swelling Jordan in our nature. "Forasmuch then as the children are partakers of flesh and blood, he also himself

likewise took part of the same ; that through death he might destroy him that had the power of death, that is, the devil ; and deliver them, who through fear of death were all their lifetime subject to bondage.” Heb. ii. 14, 15. The Saviour has warmed the cold grave for his disciples. He has made an easy way through the swellings of Jordan for his faithful followers. Why, then, fellow pilgrim, are you afraid to cross this stream when the channel is dry ; when you see the footprints of your Redeemer in the bottom ; when death is but a sure step into glory ? Surely, there is no ground for dismay to the believer in that solemn hour which terminates his earthly pilgrimage ; but every reason for joyfulness. “ For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.” 2 Cor. v. i.

There is no condemnation to the believer; for, being justified by faith, he has peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ. He has peace during his pilgrimage; he has peace in the hour of death. In Christ, he obtains a complete victory over death and the gloomy grave. Washed in the atoning blood of the Saviour, and clad in the snowy robe of his righteousness, he can shout forth joyfully, upon a dying bed, “O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin; and the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ.”

It is Jesus, the sinner’s Friend, who disarms death of its terrors—who makes a dying bed so easy to the believer; hence many a once timid pilgrim has been able to say in his last moments, “Is this dying?

Is this the enemy that dismayed me so long, now appearing so harmless, and even pleasant?" O, how reviving to think that

"Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there."

2. *But Christ is with his chosen people in the midst of Jordan.*—His precious promise is: "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee." In their passage through death, the Lord upholds and cheers the souls of his ransomed ones by the endearing manifestations of his gracious presence and wonderful love.

"How happy is the dying saint
Whose sins are all forgiven;
With joy he passes Jordan's flood,
Upheld by hopes of heaven.
The Saviour, whom he truly loved,
Now cheers him by his grace;

A glory gilds his dying bed,
And beams upon his face."

Hence, thousands of God's children have been enabled to exclaim, while descending into the shadowy vale, "Yea though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me: thy rod and thy staff they comfort me." It was the soul-ravishing manifestation of the Saviour's presence and love that made the martyrs so joyful at the stake; and it is this, that has made many a departing saint burst forth with rapturous joy in such language as this: "Oh! why is his chariot so long in coming? Why tarry the wheels of his chariot? Come, Lord Jesus; come quickly!"

O, what amazing mercy does Jesus often bestow upon his faithful follower in the darksome valley, and in the deep, deep Jordan, when the cold hand of death is upon him!

“Jesus, the vision of thy face
Hath overpowering charms ;
Scarce shall I feel death’s cold embrace,
If Christ be in my arms.”

3. *We now proceed to cite the dying sayings of a few eminent, pious Christians, who have been wonderfully sustained by divine grace during their passage over the Jordan of death.*

We mention the following glorious examples :

David Cargill : “This is the most joyful day that ever I saw in my pilgrimage on earth. My joy is now begun, which I see shall never be interrupted.”

Luther : “Into thy hands I commit my spirit ; God of truth, thou hast redeemed me.”

Thomas Holland : “Come, O come, Lord Jesus, thou bright Morning Star ! Come, Lord Jesus, I desire to be dissolved and to be with thee.”

John Flavel: "I know that it will be well with me."

Alexander Henderson: "I am near the end of my race, hastening home, and there was never a schoolboy more desirous to have the play, than I am to have leave of this world."

Rev. Thomas Cartwright: "I have found unutterable comfort and happiness, and God has given me a glimpse of heaven."

John Locke: "O the depth of the riches of the goodness and knowledge of God."

Rev. James H. Evans: "In Jesus I stand."

Rev. Augustus M. Toplady: "I believe God never gave such manifestations of his love to any creature, and suffered him to live."

John Tennent: "Welcome, God and Father—welcome, sweet Lord Jesus! welcome, death—welcome, eternity. Amen. Come, Lord Jesus."

Rev. Samuel Finley: "I see the eternal love and goodness of God. I see the love of Jesus. Oh to be dissolved, and to be with him! I long to be clothed with the complete righteousness of Christ."

Rev. Dr. Waddell: "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit."

Ralph Erskine: "Victory, victory, victory!"

John Wesley: "The best of all is, God is with us."

Felix Neff: "Adieu, adieu. I am departing to our Father in perfect peace. Victory, victory, victory! by Jesus Christ!"

Dr. Bogue: "I am looking to that compassionate Saviour, whose blood cleanseth from all sin."

Dr. Nevins: "Death—Death! Now come, Lord Jesus—*Dear Saviour.*"

To Dr. Waugh one said, "You are now in the deep Jordan; have you any doubt

that Christ will be with you ?" He replied, " Certainly not ! Who else ? Who else ?"

Rev. D. H. Gillette : " O that I had strength to shout ! I feel so happy ; I hope soon to be able." " O, the precious Saviour ; what is the world to me, with all its vanity ? Give me Jesus. Do not weep for me, I am going home."

Rev. Dr. Alexander Proudfit :* " When will this lingering conflict end ! Oh for a speedy and easy transition ! Oh for deliverance from this corruptible body—this body of sin and death ! Come, blessed Jesus, dear Saviour, come ! come ! I long to depart."

* See an interesting memoir of this man of God, by John Forsyth, D. D.

Dr. Proudfit was long a pastor of the Associate Reformed Church of Salem, N. Y. ; and he was one of the most pious and faithful ambassadors of the cross that has shone in the church.

Rev. Dr. John H. Rice : "Mercy is triumphant."

Dr. Nettleton : It is meet to trust in the Lord."

Rev. Robt. Anderson : "Peace ! peace ! How gracious God is in so making it all peace!"

Elisha Macurdy : "The Saviour is all my comfort."

Thomas Cranfield : "A few more sighs, and then"—

Wilberforce Richmond : "The rest which Christ gives is sweet."

Mrs. Hannah More : "Jesus is all in all. God of grace, God of light, God of love : whom have I in heaven but thee ? It is a glorious thing to die." Her last word was, "Joy."

Mrs. Isabella Graham : "I have no more doubt of going to my Saviour, than if I were already in his arms."

Mrs. Louisa Munday : "The prospect is to me anything but gloomy."

Mrs. Harriet Winslow : "How good is the Lord!"

Maria Fox : "I am thoroughly comfortable." "I know my Saviour loves me, and I am reposing in his love."

H. W. Fox : "I am very weak, can scarcely speak, but oh ! happy ! happy !!" "Jesus, Jesus must be first in the heart. He is first in mine, yes, he is."

Rev. Thomas Thomason : "This is a dark valley, but there is light at the end." "Thanks be unto God for his unspeakable gift." "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." "Lord, give me patience." "I hope the Lord is coming quickly."

Thus we have presented a few dying sayings of several pious Christians who passed the river of death, upheld by divine grace. Innumerable other similar cases

might be cited; but these are sufficient to show with what great mercy and loving kindness the Lord generally deals with his people in the hour and article of death.* Although many of God's children have not enjoyed such bright, sensible manifestations of his gracious presence in their dying moments—although they may have gone to heaven under a cloud, yet their passage over the Jordan of death was as safe as that of the most joyful believer.

* The reader who is desirous of pursuing this subject more fully, is respectfully referred to our Treatise on the love of Christ, where he will find thirty-one dying testimonies of other saints, none of which are included in the above; and to that excellent work entitled "The Grace of Christ," by the Rev. Dr. Plumer—one of the most pious and faithful ministers of Jesus Christ. We would earnestly commend this volume to all who have felt the sweet, constrainning influence of the grace of Christ upon their souls.

In the matchless dream of Bunyan, we have an admirable description of the triumphant passage of the pilgrims over Jordan. There we find the most timid got over as safely as the most fearless. The last words of Ready-to-halt were, "Wel-come, life." The last words of Feeble-mind were, "Hold out, faith and patience." The last words of Despondency were, "Farewell, night! welecome, day!" Even his daughter, Much-afraid, "went through the river singing ; but no one could understand what she said."

But how transporting were the last words of Mr. Standfast! "This river," said he, "has been a terror to many ; yea, the thoughts of it also have often frightened me ; but now methinks I stand easy, my foot is fixed upon that on which the feet of the priests that bare the ark of the covenant stood, while Israel went over Jordan.

Joshua iii. 17. The waters indeed are to the palate bitter, and to the stomach cold; yet the thoughts of what I am going to, and of the convoy that waits for me on the other side, do lie as a glowing coal at my heart. I see myself now at the end of my journey; my toilsome days are ended. I am going to see that head which was crowned with thorns, and that face which was spit upon for me. I have formerly lived by hearsay and faith; but now I go where I shall live by sight, and shall be with him in whose company I shall delight myself. I have loved to hear my Lord spoken of; and wherever I have seen the print of his shoe in the earth, there I have coveted to set my foot too. His name has been to me as a civet-box; yea, sweeter than all perfumes. His voice to me has been most sweet, and his countenance I have more desired than they that have most

desired the light of the sun. His words I did use to gather for my food, and for antidotes against my faintings. He hath held me, and hath kept me from mine iniquities ; yea, my steps hath he strengthened in his way."

4. *Here we see the happy termination of the Christian's pilgrimage on earth.*—His sorrowful days are ended. He has fought the good fight ; he has finished his course ; he has kept the faith ; he has obtained the victory ; he has crossed the swellings of Jordan, and gone to receive an immortal crown.

But who can describe the glories which encircle the saint, safely landed on the happy shores of Immanuel's land ?

“ In vain my fancy strives to paint
The moment after death ;
The glories that surround the saints'
When yielding up their breath.

One gentle sigh their fetters breaks :
We scarce can say 'They're gone,'
Before the willing spirit takes
Her mansion near the throne."

Now the Christian traveller has reached his everlasting home—that house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. Now the trying scenes of earth are past, and the wanderer, raised above the storms of life, steps upon another shore ; he enters a land, blooming with immortality, and illuminated by the effulgent beams of the Sun of righteousness. Now he is ever with the Lord. Now he is seated with Immanuel on his heavenly throne. Now he is arrayed in the shining robes of glory, and drinks of the rivers of pleasures at God's right hand. When we contemplate the past suffering condition, and the present felicitous state of such a one, we may truly say : This is he who has come out of great tribulation,

and has washed his robe and made it white in the blood of the Lamb. Therefore is he before the throne of God, and serves him day and night in his temple. He shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more ; neither shall the sun light on him, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed him, and lead him unto living fountains of waters ; and God shall wipe away all tears from his eyes
Rev. vii. 14—17.

O happy termination of the pilgrim's journey on earth ! O blessed beginning of his felicity in heaven !

“Tis past—the voyage of life is o'er,
The wanderer hails another clime ;
On perils borne to yonder shore,
He views afar the waves of time.
The storm that muttered o'er his head,
The flame that quivered round his path,
Are sweetly hushed ; the cloud hath fled,
And gone the angry lightning's scath.

'Tis past; and grief is changed to songs,
That angel-cordons love to hear;
The harp that to delight belongs,
In softest murmur soothes his ear.
For secret sighs that rent his breast
There's peace to seraphs only known,—
The tear that told the heart oppressed,
Is gemmed upon the eternal throne.

Blessed voyager! how happy thou,
Safe moored within the port of peace;
Once heir of death—immortal now,
Of pain—thy toils for ever cease.
O, may I, too, thus sweetly rise,
Thus tread yon bright empyrean free;
With joy regain those native skies,
Secure at last in love like thee."

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